

# THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

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## The Closing Year.

This issue of the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE is the last for the year 1864. It is a fitting time for review and reflection. In a retrospect of our national affairs, which must be very near to the heart of the true patriot at such a time as this, there is abundant occasion for thanksgiving and congratulation. The pulse of national life never beat more strongly. God helping us we are resolved to live as a people—one people. The rebellion must be subdued. The majesty of law must be vindicated. The Union must be preserved with liberty. These are the utterances which we hear in the loud voice of the nation, speaking in the recent election. These are the battle-cries of freedom from the lips of our soldiers and sailors, fighting or dying. They are not clamorous for blood, but for life. The nation must live. Gladly would they welcome their foes back to their side, and to a participation in their privileges and blessings; but not with arms in their hands all reeking with the blood of brothers slain. Let them lay down their weapons, and the Olive-branch is at once extended.

The navy has continued to act well her part in the conduct of the war. It has transported troops and their

munitions and supplies. It has enforced a vigorous blockade along our extended coast, and maintained the navigation of the 'father of waters' and tributary rivers. It has destroyed forts, closed up Mobile and other sea-ports; and it has captured or sunk the Tennessee and Albemarle, the Alabama and the Florida. The gallant exploits of Farragut and Porter, of Winslow and Craven, of Collins and Cushing, and a host of kindred spirits, of officers and men, have established their legitimate succession from Hull and Jones, Decatur and M'Donough, Perry and Chauncy, as worthy associates of Foote and Dupont, and many like-minded.

It is specially gratifying to the American Seamen's Friend Society to be able, by God's blessing, and the hearty co-operation of His people and of the patriotic generally—men, women and children—to recount many works of faith and labors of love in behalf of seamen both of the naval and commercial marine, and to rejoice over cheering results. At the centres, New York and Boston, and at the great rendezvous New Orleans and San Francisco, its missionaries have labored with energy and success, especially for the spiritual good of the navy; while its foreign chaplains and col-

porteurs, although reduced in number and straitened by the diminution of American seamen, through war and piracy, have not labored in vain. Our libraries have been increased by 400 within the year ending Oct. 31st, and we have most satisfactory evidence of their usefulness.

But when we come down from this survey of public affairs to our homes and domestic circles, while we still behold multiplied reason for thankfulness, we begin to realize at how great a price our nation is obtaining this freedom and these victories. How largely has the noble blood of heroes been poured out; and what a voice has been heard in the land, "lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children because they are not;" yet *not* "refusing to be comforted," because they perished grandly—not in vain.

Not only have our brave soldiers and sailors fallen in battle, on the land and on the sea, but many have perished by wounds and sickness. How many happy homes have been invaded by death during the year now closing! How many husbands and fathers, wives and mothers, have passed away from the spheres of earthly love and care, where they seemed so necessary, leaving deep voids in wounded, pining hearts that ache and moan, which the world can never fill! How many children have faded, like the flowers of the spring, chilled by autumnal blasts and wintry frosts, leaving the parent stems stripped, if not withered!

Blessed be God for the consolations of the Gospel of Christ, and for the hopes of a joyful resurrection and reunion, and a blissful immortality!

We present our readers for this wintry month with a few wreaths of

immortelles, gathered from the amaranthine flower-beds of poetry, which they may love to cherish in their desolate treasure-houses, or lay with tender memories on the tombs of their precious dead.

[From the Quarterly Journal of Science, No. 3.]

### Gun-Cotton.

AN ABSTRACT OF A PAPER, BY JOHN SCOTT RUSSELL, C. E., F. R. S.

The first question we naturally ask on the introduction of a new power is, what are to be its advantages over existing powers and processes? In regard to gun-cotton, we at once ask, therefore, what are its advantages over gun-powder? Is it stronger? Is it more convenient? Is it cheaper? Why should we give up gun-powder and take to gun-cotton? The answers to these questions categorically will best introduce it to the reader.

1. Is gun-cotton stronger than gun-powder? The answer to this is, Yes, six-fold stronger.

By this we mean that if we take a given weight of gun-cotton—say four ounces—if we bore a hole  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch in diameter and 3 feet deep, into hard rock or slate, in a quarry, and put four ounces of gun-cotton into it, it will occupy about 1 foot of its length, and the aperture being closed in the usual manner, and a match-line led from the charge to the proper distance from which to fire it; and if we next take 24 ounces of best gun-powder, bore a similar hole, and charge it similarly with gunpowder, and close it in the same way; it has been found that, on these being exploded, the 4 ounces of gun-cotton have produced a greater effect, in separating the rock into pieces, than the 24 ounces of gun-powder. The answer is, therefore, that in disruptive explosion the strength of gun-cotton is six-fold that of good gun-powder.

But the disruptive or bursting power of gun-powder is not always the quality for which we value it most, nor all the service we require of it. In mining rocks, in exploding shells, in blowing up fortresses, this property is what we value, and this



work is what we require. But we do not want to burst our fowling pieces, our rifles, our cannon. On the contrary, we want to use a force that shall project the projectile out of the gun without bursting the gun—with-  
out straining the gun beyond a given moderate limit, which it shall be able to endure. We want, therefore, a service from gun-cotton which shall be the contrary of destructive to, or disruptive of, the chamber in which it does the work of giving motion to the projectile.

This moderated and modified work, gun-cotton can also perform; and it is the modern discovery of General Lenk which has enabled us to moderate and modify gun-cotton to this gentle service. He discovered how to organize, arrange, and dispose mechanically of gun-cotton in such a way that it should be three times stronger than gun-powder. Accordingly, one of his charges of gun-cotton, weighing 16 ounces, projected a 12 pound solid round shot with a speed of 1,426 feet in a second, while a charge of gun-powder of 49 ounces gave the same shot a speed of 1,400 feet a second. One third of the weight of gun-cotton exceeded, therefore, the three-fold weight of gun-powder in useful effect.

11. Is gun-cotton more convenient than gun-powder? This is a more comprehensive question than the former, and divides itself into various subdivisions.

It is well known to sportsmen, and to soldiers and sailors that gun-powder fouls a gun. A foul residue of soot, sulphur, and potash soils the inside of the gun after every charge. The gun must, somehow, be cleaned after a discharge; if not it fires worse, recoils more, and ceases to do its best. If the gun be a breech-loading gun, its mechanism is dirtied, and works less easily. Gun-cotton deposits no residue—leaves the gun clean and clear, and the utmost it does is to leave a little dew of clear water on the inside of the bore, this water being the condensed steam which forms one of the products of its decomposition. Gun-cotton is, therefore, superior to gun-powder in not fouling the gun, a result favorable both to quicker and more accurate firing. It is, further, a

matter of no slight convenience that gun-cotton makes no smoke. In mines the smoke of gun-powder makes the air irrespirable, and for some time after the explosion the miners cannot return to their work. After a properly conducted explosion of gun-cotton, the workmen may proceed to their work at once without inconvenience.

In fortresses, gun-powder fills the casemates with foul smoke, and the men speedily sink under the exertion of quick firing. By using gun-cotton it was ascertained that the men could continue their work unharmed for double the quantity of firing. This is partly attributed to the greater heat, and partly to the foulness of the air, produced by powder.

But it is under the decks of our men-of-war that the greatest benefit is likely to arise from gun-cotton. Not only does the smoke of a broad-side fill the between decks with hot and foul air, but the smoke of the windward gun blinds the sight and hinders the aim of the leeward. When there is no smoke, as with gun-cotton, the aim of every gun may be precise and deliberate. The diminished heat between decks will also tell powerfully in favor of gun-cotton. In our armour-plated ships also there is more value in breech-loading guns than in any other use of artillery. It is one of the necessities of breech-loading mechanism that it be kept clean, and nothing tends more to derange its perfect action than the greater heat which gunpowder imparts to the gun from which it is fired.

That gun-cotton has the convenience of not heating the gun has been thus proved. One hundred rounds were fired in 34 minutes with gun-cotton, and the temperature of the gun was raised 90°. One hundred rounds were fired with gun-powder, and triple the time allowed to cool the gun, which, nevertheless, was heated so much as to evaporate water with a hissing sound, which indicated that its temperature was much above 212°.

It is also a matter of practical convenience that gun-cotton, inasmuch as it is lighter, can be carried more easily and farther than gun-powder; and it

may be wetted without danger, so that when dried again in the open air it is as good for use as before.

III. We have now to ask—Is it cheaper? The answer to this question must be qualified. Pound for pound it is dearer; we must, therefore judge of its cheapness by its effect, not by weight merely. But where it does six times as much work, it can then be used at six times the price per pound, and still be as cheap as gun-powder. As far as we yet know, the prices of gun-cotton and gun-powder are nearly equal, and it is only, therefore, where the one has advantages and conveniences beyond the other, and is more especially suited for some specific purpose, that it will have the preference. Effective cheapness will, therefore, depend mainly on which of the two does best the particular kind of duty required of it.

To illustrate how curiously these powers, gun-cotton and gun-powder differ in their nature, and how the action of gun-cotton may be changed by mechanical arrangements, we may take one kind of work that is required of both:—One hundred pounds of gun-powder, in a bag, nailed to the gate of a city, and properly fired, bursts open the gate. If a bag of gun-cotton of equal weight be placed in the same manner, and fired, the gate will be uninjured, although the 100 pounds of gun-cotton is six-fold more powerful than the gun-powder. Here, then, gun-powder has the advantage—both weight and effect considered.

But the fault here lies not in the gun-cotton, but in the way of using it. If, instead of 100 pounds of gun-cotton in a bag, 25 pounds had been taken in a proper box, made for this purpose, and simply laid down near the gate, and not nailed to it, this 25 pounds would shiver the gate into splinters.

The nature of gun-cotton requires a double study—chemical and mechanical. It is not like steam—the same substance whether in the form of ice, water, or steam—it is one substance when, as gun-cotton, it enters the gun, and quite a different substance when it has been exploded and leaves the gun. Not only are the solids which enter converted into gas, but they also

form totally new combinations and substances. These new substances are transparent gases, while in the case of gun-powder there remain 68 per cent. of solid residue, and only 32 per cent are pure gases.

It is to chemistry that we must look for full and authentic information as to these wonderful changes—first from cotton wool into tri-nitro-cellulose, and next into transparent explosive gases of tremendous power.

The chemistry of gun-cotton is, therefore, the first part of our study of this power; the mechanics of gun-cotton form the second.

#### THE CHEMISTRY OF GUN-COTTON.

(By Mr. Wm. Crooks, F. R. S.)

Although gun-cotton was discovered eighteen years ago, by Professor Schönbein, it was not until 1854 that the mode of its formation and its composition were conclusively established by Hadow, an English chemist\*.

Cotton, or cellulose, as it is termed by chemists, is built up of a certain number of atoms of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. Chemistry is certainly not able to point out how these atoms are even *probably* arranged; but there appears to be no doubt that some of the elementary particles are so intimately connected with the very existence of cotton that they cannot be displaced or removed without its destruction; whilst other atoms, on the contrary, are more loosely held together, and are gifted with a certain mobility which enables them to be taken out altogether without materially altering the outward physical character of the cotton, provided the spaces which these atoms would leave vacant are immediately filled up by certain other atoms. In ordinary cotton, three atoms of hydrogen (of which there are ten altogether), are in this loose state of combination, and may be removed and their places filled up by a compound atom of hyponitric acid, without so far altering the character of the substance as to render the name of cotton inapplicable to it. It may be mentioned that it is not necessary

\*Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society, Vol. 7.—Bailliere, Broadway.



that the whole three atoms of hydrogen should be taken out and their places filled up by hyponitric acid; only one or two of them may be so replaced, but as these are inferior for explosive purposes, we need only direct our attention to the compound with the highest displacement, viz., gun-cotton, or tri-nitro-cellulose.

After repeated and disastrous explosions in England, France, and Germany had discouraged most men in the further prosecution of experiments on gun-cotton, General Lenk, of the Austrian army, devoted himself to its study with such success that its manufacture was commenced by his government on a large scale, and above forty batteries of guns were furnished with this agent, and successfully used. The complete supersession of gun-powder by gun-cotton was considered certain, when an explosion at the gun-cotton magazines again put a stop to its use, to some extent at least. Another committee, however, reported so favorably on its stability, and non-liability to spontaneous explosion, that gun-cotton was again restored to favor in Austria.

The very favorable accounts respecting the value of gun-cotton for warlike purposes, which were from time to time received by the English government, led to experiments on a considerable scale in that country. The manufacture of this agent is now in full operation both at the government powder works at Waltham Abbey, and also at a large private manufactory at Stowmarket.

The great danger in the case of the early gun-cotton was its liability to spontaneous explosion, and whilst there remained the slightest suspicion of such a possibility, its employment for war purposes was out of the question. The investigations of General Lenk have shown that this accident is due to imperfect preparation, and that by adopting the precautions which he has pointed out its spontaneous ignition is impossible. It has been very clearly established that the lower nitro-compounds of cellulose, that is, cotton in which only one or two of the atoms of hydrogen are replaced by hyponitric acid, are much more easily decomposed than the compound in which the replacement has proceeded to its

fullest extent. Tri-nitro-cellulose, or true gun-cotton, is a remarkably stable compound under all possible atmospheric conditions, but it is by no means easy to ensure the complete conversion of cotton into this body, and it has been shown to be in the highest degree probable that the explosions which put a stop to the early attempts at utilizing gun-cotton were due to its incomplete conversion. The directions given by Schönbein, although successful on the small scale, fail when tried with large quantities; and to General Lenk is due the credit of devising a process of manufacture which gives an absolutely uniform and true chemical compound when working on the largest scale. Ordinary gun-cotton is generally made by saturating cotton wool with a mixture of one part of concentrated nitric acid and three parts of oil of vitrol, and allowing the mixture to stand at rest for one hour; it is then thoroughly washed and allowed to dry in the air. This process is tolerably successful when only about half an ounce of cotton is treated at one time, but it is found to be ineffectual in making a uniform and safe material for war purposes. The most important of the precautions recommended by General Lenk, are the cleansing and perfect desiccation of the cotton as a preliminary to its immersion in the acids; the employment of the strongest acids obtainable in commerce; the steeping of the cotton in a strong mixture of acids after its first immersion, and its partial conversion into gun-cotton; the continuance of the steeping for forty-eight hours; and the thorough purification of the gun-cotton so produced from every trace of free acid: this is secured by its being washed in a stream of pure water for several weeks. Subsequently a weak solution of potash may be used, but this is not essential. The prolonged continuance of these processes, which appear superfluous at first sight, is really essential; each fibre of the cotton is a long narrow tube, often twisted and even doubled up, and the acid has first to penetrate into the very farthest depths of these tubes, and has afterwards to be soaked out of them. Hence the necessity for time.

It appears that gun-cotton, prepared

in this manner, is a true chemical compound, and is not liable to the objections which have been urged against that mixture of compounds which have been usually employed in experiments. The advantages which it possesses may be classed as follows:—

I. It is of uniform composition, and thus the force of the gasses generated on explosion may be accurately estimated.

2. It will not ignite till raised to a temperature of 300° F. (as a rule, the temperature must be raised much higher.) This is considerably lower than the igniting point of gun powder, but being much above the heat of boiling water, it can only occur when artificially produced by means which would render gunpowder itself liable to ignition.

3. It is almost absolutely free from ash when exploded under pressure in a confined space.

4. It has a very marked superiority in stability over other forms of gun cotton, having been kept unaltered for fifteen years.

One great advantage which gun cotton possesses over gun powder, is, that it is unaffected by water; although it gets damp in a moist atmosphere, it rapidly returns to its ordinary state when exposed to air of average dryness. Complete immersion in water for any indefinite period has no injurious action on it, for when afterwards dried by exposure to the air, it is as good as ever. The absolute safety which this property would confer upon the magazines of forts and ships cannot be too highly urged; the explosive material could be kept permanently in tanks full of water, in which case a lighted candle or even a red hot shot would be a harmless visitant. When required for action, a centrifugal drying machine and a hot water closet would supply the combatants with any quantity at a few hours notice.

When gun cotton is ignited in a close vessel, such as shell, or the chamber of a gun, it is at once converted into certain gases, the principal being carbonic oxide, carbonic acid, nitrogen, light carburetted hydrogen, hydrogen, and steam. The introduction of the hyponitric acid, a compound containing a large excess of oxygen, gives to

the cotton a sufficient amount of this gas to reduce it completely to the state of vapour; but although only gases are produced, there is not enough oxygen for their complete combustion. About forty per cent. are inflammable, and produce a bright flash when they emerge into the air from the mouth of the gun.

## II—THE MECHANICS OF GUN-COTTON

The mechanical application of gun-cotton may be considered to be due exclusively to Major General Lenk, of the Austrian service. Pure gun-cotton becomes either a powerful explosive agent, or a docile performer of mechanical duty, not according to any change in its composition, or variation in its elements, or their proportions, but according to the mechanical structure which is given to it, or the mechanical arrangements of which it is made a part. It was General Lenk who discovered that structure is equivalent to quality, and that mechanical arrangement is the measure of power, in gun cotton; and in his hands, a given quantity of the same cotton becomes a mild, harmless, ineffectual firework,—a terrible and irresistible explosive agent,—or a pliable, powerful and obedient workman.

The first form which General Lenk bestowed on gun-cotton was that of a continuous yarn, or spun thread of given weight per yard, of given specific weight, and of given tension. A hank of given length is reeled, and in this form gun-cotton is bought and sold like any other article of commerce. Gun-cotton, converted into yarn, may be called, therefore, the raw material of commerce. In this form it is not explosive in the common sense of the word. You may set fire to a hank of it, and it will burn rapidly with a large flame, but no explosion, or concussion, will result. Flame creeps along a line of this yarn with a speed of six inches per second—the wind hastening or retarding it according to its direction.

The second form of gun-cotton is an arrangement compounded out of the elementary yarn. It resembles the plaited cover of a whip: it is plaited round a hollow centre. In this form it is a match line, and, although form-



ed merely of the yarn plaited into a round hollow cord, this mechanical arrangement has at once conferred on it the quality of speed. Flame, instead of travelling as before only six inches a second, now travels six feet a second.

A third step in mechanical arrangement is to inclose this cord in a close outer coating, made, generally, of India-rubber cloth, and in this shape it forms a kind of match line that will carry fire at the rate of from twenty to thirty feet per second.

It is not easy to gather from these changes what is the cause which so completely changes the nature of the raw cotton by mechanical arrangement alone. Why a cotton thread should burn with a slow creeping motion when laid out straight, and with a rapid one when wound round into a cord, and again much faster when closed in from the air, is far from obvious at first sight; but the facts being so deserve mature consideration.

The cartridge of a common rifle in gun-cotton, is nothing more than a piece of match-line, in the second form, enclosed in a stout paper tube to prevent it being rammed down like powder, this process being fatal to gun-cotton. Air left in a gun-powder barrel is often supposed to burst the gun; in a gun-cotton barrel it only mitigates the effect of the charge. The object of enclosing the gun-cotton charge in a strong pasteboard cartridge is to keep the cotton from compression and *give it room* to do its work. One pound of gun cotton will carry a shot as far as three or four pounds of gun-powder, but that pound should have at least a space of 160 cubic inches in which to work.

In order to make gun-cotton shatter everything to pieces which it touches, *deprive it of room*: Make it dense, solid, hard. Twist it, compress it, ram it, and insert this hard, dense, solid rope, cylinder or cake, in a hole in a rock, in the drift of a tunnel, or in the bore of a mine; close it up, and it will shatter it to pieces. In a recent experiment, six ounces of this material set to work in a tunnel, not only brought down masses which powder had failed to move, but shook the ground under the feet of the engineers in a way never done by the heaviest charges of powder.

For shells this quality is of the highest value: a shell so strong as to be almost irresistible, cannot itself resist a proper charge of gun-cotton. It will, on arriving at its destination, be shivered to fragments.

### The Loved and Lost.

The following poem, from the *Church of England Magazine* will come like a "song in the night" to many a stricken heart:

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost  
Because we miss them from our onward road?  
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,  
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,  
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door  
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—  
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,  
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,  
And God himself their Lord, and Judge and King.

And this we call a "loss;" O selfish sorrow  
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!  
Let us look round, some argument to borrow  
Why we in patience should await the morrow,  
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary, desert path,  
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;  
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and  
wrath,  
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!  
They have escaped from these; and lo! we  
mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,  
Who with his treasures strove the shore to  
reach,  
While with the raging waves he battled on,  
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,  
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand  
A little child, had halted by the well  
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,  
And tell the tired boy of that bright land  
Where, this long journey past, they longed to  
dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,  
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,  
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad!  
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad;  
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—  
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"  
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,  
Go on her way rejoicing, and made strong  
To struggle on, since *he* was freed from care?

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach  
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;  
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,  
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,  
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be  
dust:

It bids us do the work that they laid down—  
Take up the song where they broke off the  
strain;  
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,  
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,  
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

### A Naval School.

We print in another place to-day a communictaion from a gentleman who enforces his proposition by the offer to contribute ten thousand dollars from his own fortune towards its accomplishment. He desires to see established in the neighborhood of New York a naval school, where boys and young men may be educated for the profession of seamanship, and for the duties of mates and masters in the merchant service. Mr. Marcus Spring, lately a merchant in this city, endeavored a year or two since to establish such a naval training school at Eagleswood, in connection with the successful military academy there, but he found that the enterprise required a larger capital than he was prepared to invest, as well as a more special and exclusive arrangement.

We join our correspondent in recommending such an establishment to our merchants and shipowners. The demand for seamen will never be less with us than it is now, for when the war ends we shall need many thousands of men to man our merchant fleets, now laid up in port or sailing under foreign flags. We shall need, also, hundreds of masters and mates more than the service now has; and such a school as is proposed would turn out young men made capable by thorough scientific education, in whose hands the shipowner could trust his vessels without fear, and with much greater certainty of successful voyages than can often be had now-a-days.

The merchants of Liverpool have had in successful operation for some years such a school for officers of the merchant marine as our correspondent proposes. They are well satisfied with the results, and the enterprise is not only successful, but has become the pride of the people of Liverpool. With us, at present, there is no way by which a young seaman, who wishes to prepare himself for the duties of an officer, can do so systematically. It is all left to chance; he learns navigation at haphazard, as he can catch it in idle moments, when the captain or mate is in good humor; he picks up his knowledge with much hard labor and loss of time; and in eight cases

out of ten he knows nothing certainly or thoroughly, but only on the surface. His experience is not reinforced, as it should be, by knowledge of principles; his practice is without theory.

It will not do for us to go on in this way. In England there are already several excellent training schools, where boys and young men are prepared for the duties of officers in the merchant marine. They have not long been established, but if they get too far the start of us, these schools will tell against us in the rivalry which exists and must continue between the two countries for the carrying trade of the world. We are in the position in this matter that we should be in if our farmers should refuse to use reaping and mowing machines or to read agricultural books and papers. "Main strength and stupidity is a poor purchase," as every sailor well knows.

But New York ought not only to have a naval training school; it ought to petition Congress for an "apprentice" act, which should oblige every merchant vessel to carry a certain number of boys, to be bound by regular indentures to the shipowner, who should be made to give them a certain education in seamanship. The British "Apprentice" act is the real nursery of English seamen. In England boys have a proper place on board every ship: with us one of the most difficult things in the world is for a boy, no matter how much he wants to go to sea, to get a berth anywhere except in the navy, where, in time of peace, he learns absolutely nothing but "skylarking." With a properly drawn apprentice act, seven-eighths of the vagabond boys who grow up into criminals in our streets would find their way to the sea, and acquire a useful profession. Most of them would jump at the opportunity of going to sea; but now no captain will have them. Yet in English merchant ships the apprentice boys are the most trusted of the crew. They generally mess, in large ships, with the carpenter and sailmaker; they belong to the ship; their interests are especially cared for by the owners; if they are intelligent and worthy they are certain of promotion; and thus they



have an interest in vessel and cargo not felt by the seamen in the fore-castle. In a case of mutiny, a British master counts as much upon his apprentices as he does upon his mates. Any shipowner can see how important is the security thus cheaply obtained.

We have discussed this question before, and we shall present it again to our readers, because we are convinced that we cannot much longer continue to neglect our seamen without suffering the results, in such a depreciation of the repute of our merchant marine as will affect not merely the pockets of our shipowners, but the pride of the nation.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

*To the Editor of the Evening Post :*

Our Boston friends have found work for "charitable and thoughtful people," in looking after the necessities of wounded and disabled sailors. But New York ought to have a naval school, where young men may be trained, educated, and fitted for the sea; where any boy, rich or poor, high born or lowly, educated or ignorant, may be received and prepared, by the requisite course of theoretic training, for the profession of the sea.

It will serve the manifest interests of commerce by furnishing a better material for manning our mercantile marine. "Enlightened self-interest is patriotism," as we are told by one who knows, and we may as well adopt the adage and act upon it. Government has favored the coast fisheries with bounties for many years, to promote an increase of the number of seamen. Much may be added to the effect desired, by the establishment, by private and public means, of an institution such as is proposed in the communication I hand you herewith.

It is written by a gentleman too modest to desire his name paraded at the head of a subscription list, but who is ready to devote ten thousand dollars of his own means toward the object, and who earnestly desires to see it in progress. If you think the plan proposed would commend itself to the hearts and the purses of the solid men of New York, please add your influence, and place it before your readers.

Yours,

New York, Nov. 1, 1864.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR A NAVAL SCHOOL.

It has long been thought by a few that some extraordinary measure should be made for the benefit of the sailor. Unfortunately the many seem indifferent about raising up the down-trodden Jack Tar, and making him feel that he ought to be a respectable member of society. Recent efforts towards education for sailors have only resulted in ship schools, which, however desirable, come far short of what should be done, and entirely beneath an institution required by New York, the great emporium of foreign commerce, which is absolutely dependent on sailors. We find that millions are contributed to objects of far inferior importance to this city, compared with the training and education so necessary to establish competence and give character to those that should be glorious adventurers on the ocean. Their pride and ambition should be stimulated to become able and worthy. Ought not a college to be established for the training and education of boys for sailors, on an extensive scale, where the poor could be supported and the wealthy have a resort for high improvement in the art of navigation—an institution on some bay near New York, with substantial buildings and appurtenances to accommodate fifteen hundred or two thousand scholars? Say two hundred acres of land, with water privileges for fishing, boating, &c, to be a partially self-sustaining farm school. The president should be a man of high attainments—might be a captain in the navy—with accomplished professors peculiarly adapted to the charge. The patronage of the United States, the state and the city would be essential. And where could the rich contribute to a cause so universally beneficial to humanity? The introduction of steam greatly increases the importance of an especial education. The subscriber wants no office, has no relations with navigation, yet would give more for this than any other public object, feeling a deep interest in that which would be among the greatest public benefits.

A FRIEND OF THE SAILOR.

### Passed Away.

Just as the bells were calling unto the house of prayer,  
 The Saviour's call came unto one who loved to meet us there.  
 Though closed to earthly voices, her ear hath caught the strains,  
 That echo through the Heavenly courts, where, free from earthly stains,  
 She has met the blessed Saviour, who in her hour of need,  
 In tenderest compassion would not break the bruised reed.  
 She has passed beyond our vision, but not beyond our love,  
 For we know she'll not forget us, e'en in that home above.  
 There's a ministry of angels to mortals here below,  
 And do not our own loved ones the same sweet mission know?  
 Safe in the heavenly mansions from all life's cares and fears,  
 She shares no more its sorrows, for Christ has wiped her tears.  
 Jesus the Master calling says: "I would that those I love,  
 Be with me where I am, in my home of light above."  
 He takes our loved ones from us, that heaven may draw more nigh,  
 As one by one our treasures are garnered in the sky.  
 Though our hearts cling fondly to them, and in our loneliness,  
 We long for the loved voices, and the presence that we miss.  
 Yet One can give us comfort, who wept at Lazarus' grave,  
 Who dwelt on earth in human form, who died his own to save.  
 GORHAM, ME., Oct. 24, 1864.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Steam Navigation; Its Rise, Progress and Prospects.

**CORRECTION.**—I have read with deep interest the article with the above heading, in the October No. of the Magazine. The author seems to have fallen into a slight error, which it may be as well to correct, lest your well-earned reputation for accuracy should suffer. The author says, page 36, "At length, this wonder of steam ships (Great Western) was ready for sea, and on the 8th of April, 1837, she started on her first voyage across the Atlantic. By a strange coincidence, a steamer called the Sirius started on the same day with the "Great Western;" she also was designed with the same object as the Great Western, but she occupied nineteen days in making the voyage from Cork to New York, notwithstanding that she was aided by her sails; so that the Great Western is due the glory of having first

completed a successful trans-Atlantic voyage."

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce of April 23d, 1838, announces the arrival of the Sirius, with an editorial, as follows: "The Sirius is the first Steam Ship which ever arrived here direct from England."

In the same Journal of the next day I find the arrival of the Great Western, with the remark, that she came up the harbor in fine style, sailing round the Sirius, which was anchored off the Battery.

I glean the following additional facts from the Cyclopaedia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, published by Harper Brothers, 1859, which confirm the statement of the Journal of Commerce:

"The first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, Capt. Moses Rogers, a vessel that was built in New York, in 1818. She sailed from New York, March 29th, 1819, to Savannah, where she was owned. She next went to Charleston, to take the President, James Monroe, to Savannah, and from there, on the 25th May, 1819, started for Liverpool, where she arrived safely in 22 days. Steam Boats coming into general use on rivers, lakes, and coasting voyages soon after, it seems a little singular that no further attempts were made to cross the ocean by steam. The mere fact of this successful voyage seems to have been overlooked; the great Philosopher, Dionysius Lardner, having proved to his own satisfaction—at least—that steam vessels *never could* cross the Atlantic.

Finally, in Bristol, England, the very port that sent out John and Sebastian Cabot to make the first actual discovery of this continent—a line of steamers was projected, and the *first vessel, the Sirius, arrived in New York on the 23d of April, 1838.*

The New York papers of that date say, "Myriads of persons crowded the Battery to have a glimpse of the first steam vessel which had crossed the Atlantic from the British Isles and arrived safely in port. The London Times had spoken of the project doubtfully. Twenty years from that time, 1858, there were 15 lines of steamers, numbering 46 ships, trading



between this country and Europe, and 37 of these steamers run out of New York. The following trans-Atlantic steamers were lost prior to 1859: The President and Pacific sailed and were "never heard of more," City of Glasgow, Arctic, Columbia, Homboldt, Franklin, and the City of Philadelphia."

I was among the "myriads" who stood on the Battery and viewed the Sirius, contemplating with delightful emotions the wonderful changes her successful voyage would accomplish in the commerce of the world.

L. P. H.

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**Extracts from Diary of Rev. H. Rogers,  
Chaplain at Havre.**

*August 4th.*—"To-day being the day appointed by the President of the United States to be observed as a day of humiliation and prayer, we made the prayer meeting special; but I was greatly disappointed that not a single American attended. About a dozen English were there, and we had an earnest and solemn meeting.

*August 18th.*—The U. S. War Steamer "Iroquois," arrived in the Roads this morning, but was not permitted to enter the harbor until the authorities telegraphed to Paris for instructions. However, the "Permit" soon came back, and she entered, firing a salute, which was returned by the Battery.

*20th.*—Went on board the Iroquois, to invite the Captain and as many men as could be allowed to attend worship with us. The Commander, Captain Rogers, received me very politely, asked me to lunch with him, and shewed me round the ship, &c. My invitation he courteously declined, as he was obliged to go to Paris to see the American Minister, and he could not permit any of the crew to go on shore. I then offered to conduct a service on board, but this he also declined, as he would necessarily be absent, and they had their usual service every Sunday morning: but should they remain in port over the next Sabbath, he would gladly consent, as he believed religious services were a great aid in the maintenance of discipline, and it would be a relief to him, as they had not a Chaplain.

*24th.*—The Iroquois left the port this morning, after repairing and taking in a supply of coal. The general urbanity of the officers has left a good impression on the natives who have visited the ship in large numbers, curiously inspecting the heavy armament, &c.

*29th.*—Paid a farewell visit to Capt. and Mrs. Haines of the George Washington, leaving in ballast for the East Indies. Their stay has been unusually protracted four months. They have been constant in their attendance the whole time, and spoke gratefully of the privilege. Supplied them with a small assortment of Tracts from our rapidly decreasing store.

*Sept. 13th.*—Went on board five American Ships, some of them newly arrived: in neither case was the Capt. on board. The E. Schulz, Reub'n Goddard, Grayham's Polly, Georgiana, &c. Pleased to find on board one of them a "Library," which had been well used, under the care of the first mate.

*22nd.*—At the prayer meeting this evening a sailor stated he had not spent a Sabbath on shore for six months, and it was very pleasant to him to meet with any that loved the Throne of Grace: he had not a Christian shipmate to unite with him in social prayer, yet he had enjoyed private communion with God in secret.

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**Report of Rev. E. O. Bates,**

Missionary at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our work in the Navy is increasing with the increase of Naval vessels, and the numbers required to man the same. There is an increased demand for Libraries, Bibles, and other reading matter, both among officers and men. We furnish each vessel before leaving this station with one of our Libraries and other reading, with which we are amply furnished by the Bible Society, Christian Commission, and other Societies who feel an interest, and are laboring to promote the spiritual welfare of the multitudes who compose our Navy. It is a source of encouragement to me to find a readiness among our officers to take charge of the Libraries. I enquired of a Commodore, whom he would recommend

on board his vessel as a suitable person. He replied, "I have two hundred men under my command, and I wish them to have suitable reading. I will take charge of the Library, and see that they have the use of the books." He presented me \$10, as a donation to the Society, fully appreciating the noble work in which they are engaged. Several who have returned from the Blockading Squadrons call at my office and express their thanks for the use of the Libraries, and for the periodicals sent to them from the Christian Commission and Tract Society at Boston. One officer from a vessel on the North Atlantic Blockade, states, "There is a great change among our crew, and I can attribute it to the reading of the Library placed on our ship. The men read the books with attention and apparent interest."

Another writes from the East Gulf squadron, "I have been in the Navy three years. During that time I have been in several vessels of war, and each had one of your Ships' Libraries. It has made me feel proud of the good effect they had on the different crews. They not only reminded them of the future, but they have done more to the good discipline of the ship than all the punishment that the Navy could inflict." During the month twelve more Libraries, containing 516 vols., have been furnished Naval Vessels, whose crews number over 1,200 men. 2,000 Magazines and Life Boats, with over 12,000 periodicals from the Christian Commission, over 4,000, from Tract Society of Boston to 161 different vessels. This amount of religious reading we trust is as "bread cast upon the waters," which shall result in a great ingathering of souls into the fold of the Redeemer.

At our Mission Hall during the month there has been a good state of religious interest. Eleven seamen have manifested publicly a desire to become Christians. During three Sabbaths the following number of visits have been made to vessels in the neighborhood of our preaching place: 1st Sabbath, thirty-five vessels; 2nd Sabbath, fifty-five vessels; 3rd Sabbath, ninety-five vessels. Among the crews there were distributed 292 Friends and Life

Boats, 1,060 pages of Tracts, and twelve applied at the Hall for Bibles and Testaments: supplied three Bibles and nine Testaments to those destitute, from several vessels. Here is an important field among the poor, and the sick, &c. Our Sabbath School is in a prosperous state. We have had over two hundred children connected with the school, a number of whom have their home on the water on canal boats, many of which are occasionally here in the Summer and Fall, but in the Winter remain here, averaging two hundred and fifty boats, on which there are a number of families, numbering from two to seven persons. This is a work in which we feel a deep interest.

We have two sessions of school, 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. Preaching in English 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Bro. Helland preaches at 3½ P. M. in the Norwegian Language: his congregation is good, and several have recently been converted and others are seeking the Lord.

We render praise to our heavenly Father for his goodness to us.

Brooklyn, Oct. 26, 1864.

### Report of John Byrne,

LAY MISSIONARY TO SEAMEN.

*New York, Oct. 25th, 1864.*

I have indeed reason to rejoice, and to be devoutly grateful, that the Lord has been pleased to bless my humble efforts for his glory through the past month.

An officer of a ship whose acquaintance I formed while visiting the shipping, to whom I spoke with regard to his eternal interests, has been deeply impressed, and I trust brought into the fold of the Church.

Another Mate awakened at one of our meetings in connection with the Floating Church, and for several days almost in despair, found the Saviour in my room two weeks ago, and has since, at the Home Meetings, and other churches, been enabled to stand up as a witness for the precious truths of the Gospel. My soul rejoices: to God be all the Glory.

In connection with my other duties, I have attended two meetings each week at your Home, Cherry Street,



where I lead the praises, and take part in the exercises: these meetings are still kept up with interest, seamen and others always rising for prayer.

I visit the Home daily, converse with the sailors, and receive my daily supply of Tracts, the Friend and Magazines from Mr. Helland, for distribution while visiting the vessels on East River. I would say here, that this part of my work is the pleasantest, and most encouraging. The Magazines are in great demand.

I have assisted Mr. Helland in finding suitable persons in officers and seamen to place Libraries in charge of, and look forward with joy to the time when this part of our work will prove an inestimable blessing to the men of the sea.

I was present at each Wednesday night meeting in Brooklyn: a heavenly influence attends them, and so far have grown in interest. Last meeting a female was powerfully awakened and in tears arose to ask our prayers.

I visit frequently our Colored Home, Dover Street. I regret this most comfortable house has not more boarders: there is everything here to make a sailor happy. I leave good reading for the men.

I visited the Iron Clad Monitor Dictator, being acquainted with some of the Firemen, distributed a large number of the Friend, Tracts, &c.

Visited the "North Carolina," and the men on board rushed to get the Magazine and Friend—also, on board the "Vermont." By these, in connection with my other labors, I find every night in the week, with the exception of Sunday, filled up. But alas! when will I redeem thirty-five years lost, lost, lost!

But relying on the divine blessing, as the sole ground of hope, as well as of past success, I anticipate with delight the future triumphs of the Seamen's Friend Society over the darkness that still prevails over the hearts of many of the sons of the ocean. May truth scattered in these little Messengers of love reach their hearts, which alone, through God's blessing, will hasten on the predicted time, when the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN BYRNE,

### Alone with Jesus.

Alone with Jesus! Leave me here,  
Without a wish, without a fear;  
My pulse is weak, and faint my breath,  
But is he not the Lord of Death?  
'Tis all the same when he is nigh,  
And if I live, or if I die.

Alone with Jesus! Ye who weep,  
And round my bed your vigils keep,  
My love was never half so strong;  
And yours—oh! I have proved it long!  
But when had earthly friends the power  
To comfort in a dying hour!

Alone with Jesus! Oh, how sweet  
In health to worship at his feet!  
But sweeter far when, day by day,  
We droop and pine and waste away,  
To feel his arms around us close,  
And in his bosom find repose!

Alone with Jesus! how secure;  
Vile in myself, in him how pure;  
The tempests howl, the waters beat,  
They harm me not in my retreat:  
Night deepens—'mid its gloom and chill  
He draws me nearer to him still.

Alone with Jesus! what alarms  
The infant in its mother's arms?  
Before me death and judgment rise:  
I turn my head and close my eyes—  
There's nought for me to fear or do,  
I know that he will bear me through.

Alone with Jesus! Earth grows dim:  
I even see my friends through him;  
Time, Space—all things below, above,  
Reveal to me one life, one love:—  
That One in whom all glories shine—  
All beauties meet—that One is mine!

### The Work among the Seamen.

CHAPLAIN'S REPORT, SAN FRANCISCO.

Our work goes steadily on, undiversified with any great changes, or unusual incidents. It is at all times a most interesting work, affording a constant stimulus to exertion, and promise of immediate good results; yet it is a work requiring hard labor, patient watching, and unyielding faith. Those for whom we labor are generally in a peculiar state, strongly inclined to evil, yet most susceptible to influences to good. They incline to virtue or vice, just as they are moved by circumstances. If we can draw them to the Home and the Bethel, there is good hope of their salvation; but if lured away from these, so many are their foes, there is little hope of good for them. Balanced thus between life and death, their salvation requires a constant, earnest struggle. It is like a continual effort to save drowning men; however it may be in other fields, *our* work permits no ces-

sation of labor, while it offers the stimulus of possible constant success. So we toil on, sometimes mourning, sometimes rejoicing. On the whole, however, we can see decided progress in the work of saving sinners. This is very manifest, on a survey of the work of years, and no single quarter passes without leaving us *some* encouragement in this direction. During this last quarter, several of these cheering tokens of progress have appeared; one is the manifest increase of cases of conversion of sailors while at sea. A few years ago these cases were very rare, now they are quite common.

Another is the large increase of pious men, who *go to sea* from this port. Officers and merchants often complain that men quit the sea, as soon as they are converted. There would be no occasion for this complaint were due regard paid by officers and owners to the rights and feelings of religious men; and, in fact, the number of such men who go to sea is continually increasing. We have seen lately, in the course of two or three days, religious sailors leaving port on five different vessels, bound for the south, west, and to Europe. In two instances men have publicly professed Christ by joining the church, and gone to sea the next day.

Another token of progress is that pious men are beginning to work into our coasting trade. Till lately they have held aloof from this, because of various circumstances unfavorable to their religious life. But they are entering this service more and more, and I trust will continue to do so.

One unpleasant fact that often comes to light, is the opposition of many ship captains to all such work as ours. For example, I am told that the captain of a large American ship, now in port, was guilty of the crime against God and man of persuading some of his crew to violate their promise to go to the Home, and rather bestow themselves in the rum-boarding-houses. The ostensible reason for such conduct, on the part of such men as he is, is that when they go to sea they cannot get men from the Home. But the real reason often is, that they know how, by colluding with rum-landlords and runners, to fill their own pockets with

dishonest gains, to the detriment of both owners and crews, while they cannot so easily do this with men from the Home. Men who oppose Homes and Mariners' churches have generally a pecuniary motive in doing so.

The greatest external hindrance to our work, however, is not the opposition of wicked men, but the wretched location of our church building, and condition of the streets leading thereto. Our work is really very much crippled by this obstacle, and we have tried hard to escape from it; but as yet we do not find a suitable lot that can be had on reasonable terms. I trust that God will provide a way of escape from this difficulty.

Through the good providence of God, we have secured the services, as our Missionary, of one who, as I trust, will prove an efficient helper in our work. Mr. J. B. Tulloch, a converted sailor, is engaged to begin this work with the quarter now commencing. He has had considerable experience in work similar to ours, while employed as Scripture reader in the British army in India. Since then he has been in the employ of the American Seamen's Friend Society in New York city, from which place he recently came to this city in the ship *Edward O'Brien*. We trust that he will prove an able and willing helper in our great work.

Many separate facts of great interest have occurred during the quarter, for which there is no room in a report like this.

Respectfully submitted,  
J. ROWELL, Chaplain.

#### Disasters Reported in October.

The number of serious casualties to American mercantile sea-going craft reported during the past month amounted to thirty, viz: 3 steamers, 5 ships, 3 barks, 2 brigs and 17 schooners. Of these 17 were wrecked, 6 burnt, 1 abandoned, 3 run down, 2 foundered and 1 missing.

The following are their names, destinations, &c., including a few foreigners, reported during the same period:

[Those indicated by the letter *w.* were wrecked; *a.* abandoned; *b.* burnt; *r. d.* run down; *f.* foundered; *m.* missing;]

##### STEAMERS.

Mary Bowers (Br.) *w* from Wilmington for Bermuda.

\*Roanoke *b* from Havana for New York.

Aphrodite *w* from New York for New Orleans.

Cheekrang *b* (At Hankow, China)

##### SHIPS.

Ruthven, *w.* from Shanghai for Foochow.

Australia, *w* from Maulmain for England.



Hy Kneeland, *w* (Whaler of New Bedford.)  
Linda, *b* (At Soderhamn, Sweden.)  
Mandarin, *w* from Hong Kong to New York,  
Eastern Light, [Br.] *w* from N. Y. for Shanghai  
Thebes, [Br.] *f*† from London for San Francisco

## BARKS.

Lilias, *w* from Pictou for Boston.  
Wolf (Br) *w* from Boston for Pictou  
Champion, *w* (At Cow Bay)  
Laura Russ, *w* Do do

## BRIGS.

W. Schernikan, (Dan) *w* from N Y for Para  
Citadelle (Ham) *w* from Port au Prince for Bos.  
Oneep, *w* (At Cow Bay)  
Ceylon (Br.) *w* from Ligan, C B for New York.  
Vision, *m*† from New York for Liverpool  
Kenneth (Br.) *r d* from West Indies for N York

## SCHOONERS

Amy Wooster, *w* from Humacao for New York  
Charlotte, *w* from Bangor for Newport  
Flora (Br) *w* from St John, N B for Boston  
Taipu, *b* from New York for Port Royal  
T B Hodgman, *a* from Camden  
Martha Hall, *r d* from Providence for N York  
Edward, *r d* from Boston for Belfast  
Ann S Brown, *b* (At New York)  
Mary Elizabeth, *w* from Phil for Alexandria  
Anna Maria (Br) *a* from New York for Nassau  
Sarah McDonnald (Br) *w* from Baltimore for Bos  
Cordelia Newkirk, *w* from Phil for Salisbury  
Florence Bearse, *b* from N York for Matamoras  
Chrysolite, *f* from Philadelphia for Washington  
J P Johnson, *w* from N Y for Portsmouth, N H  
S B Watson, *r d* from Philadelphia for P't Royal  
New'dland Packet (Br) *w* fm Bos fr Sydney C B  
Susan Jane, *w* ——— for Matamoras  
Onatavia, *f* from Philadelphia for Boston  
Three Brothers, *w*

The total value of the above domestic craft [exclusive of their cargoes] is estimated at \$740,000

Partial losses are not included in the list

\* Burnt by the Rebels

† Destination not certain

‡ A miniature vessel, 16 feet long

—Journal of Commerce.

## Receipts for October, 1864.

## MAINE.

Bucksport Cong. Ch. for ships' library \$13 00

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Fitzwilliam, John Whittemore, const. 10 00  
self, L. D. (balance) 2 00  
Lunenburg, Cong. Ch., 5 00  
Meredith Village, Miss E. P. Lamson, 16 00  
Mount Vernon, Cong. Ch.  
North Hampton, Mrs. Sarah W. Hale, 60 00  
Miss F. B. Bannister, for ships' libraries  
Pelham, Miss E. W. Tyler, self L. M., 20 00

## VERMONT.

Barre, Cong. S. School, 3 15  
Randolph, Cong. Ch., 4 45  
Pittsford, Cong. Ch., 10 00  
Poultney, Cong. Ch., 13 05  
St. Albans, First Cong. Ch., 40 00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, S. Ch., \$12 from Female Academy, for ships' library, 52 00  
Ashby, Cong. Ch., 10 00  
Auburn, Cong. Ch., \$12 for ships' library, const. Samuel A. Newton L. M., 32 00  
Beverly, Dane St. Ch., \$12 for ships' library, 53 39  
Dunstable, Cong. Ch., 8 10  
Harvard, Cong. Ch., 27 75  
Leominster, Evang. Ch., 18 00  
Littleton, Cong. Ch., 5 00  
Ludlow, Cong. Ch., 6 82  
Medfield, S. A. Goodale, 1 50

Newbury, First Parish, 14 35  
Newburyport, Female Bethel Society  
const. Rev. R. H. Richardson L. M., 20 00  
Ladies Bethel Society, const. Sarah E. Teel, L. M., 20 00  
North Andover, Dea. S. H. Parker, const. self L. M., 24 00  
Roxbury, Eliot Ch. S. School, for ships' library, 13 76  
South Danvers, Friend, 1 00  
Stoneham, Cong. Ch., 16 67  
South Deerfield, First Cong. Ch., const. Hillman L. Thayer L. M., (balance) 10 00  
West Chesterfield, Richard Clarke, 5 00  
Winchester, Cong. Ch., 47 67

## RHODE ISLAND.

Pautucket, Ladies' Sewing Circle, 11 25

## CONNECTICUT.

Bristol, Cong. Ch., const. S. Emerson L. M., 20 00  
Collinsville, a mother who has a son on board U. S. Ship Mohican, for a library for that ship, 10 00  
Coventry, Rev. Wm. Jesup Jennings, 5 00  
Easton, Cong. S. School, ships' library, 12 10  
Griswold, Cong. Ch., \$12 from S. Sch'l, for ships' library, and const. Dwight Avery L. M., 44 63  
Hartford, Pearl St. Cong. Ch., 72 00  
Middletown, First Cong. Ch., 85 00  
New Haven, Center Ch., \$20 from T. R. Trowbridge, const. Alfred Hoadly Trowbridge L. M., \$20 from Wells Southworth, const. self L. M., 188 81  
North Cong. Ch., 162 02  
" " S. Sch'l for two ships' libraries, const. Alexander McAllister L. M., 32 00  
R. S. Fellows, 20 00  
Howe St. Cong. Ch., 25 08  
" " S. Sch'l, for ships' library, 12 00  
Third Cong. Ch., 75 38  
Mrs. Samuel Russell, for ships' library Poquonnock, Cong. Ch., (balance) 3 10  
Prospect, Cong. S. School, for ships' library, 12 38  
Roxbury, Cong. S. School for ships' library, 23 00  
Rocky Hill, Cong. S. School, 8 00  
Warren, Cong. Ch., 16 25  
Windham, Cong. S. Sch'l, for ships' library, 16 75  
Winsted, First Cong. Ch., 42 79

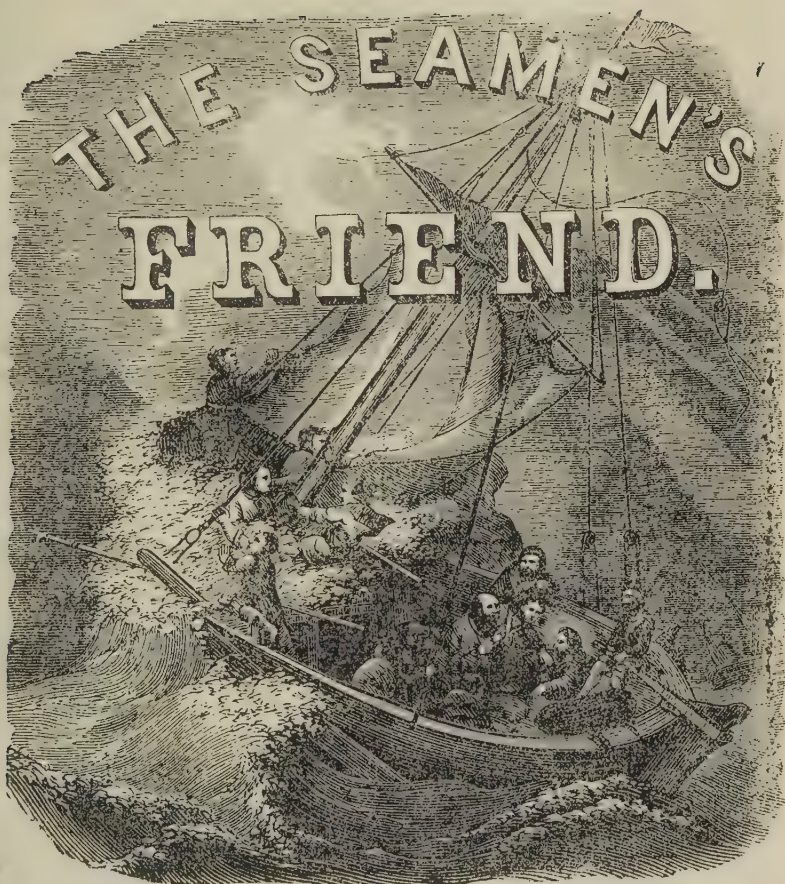
## NEW YORK.

Albany, late Samuel Gates, second instalment, John S. Perry, Executor, 126 59  
Brooklyn, Com. Rogers, U. S. Monitor Dictator, for ships' library, 10 00  
Brooklyn, East Ref. Dutch Ch., 24 07  
Elba, Rev. G. S. Corwin, const. Joseph E. Wilford, L. M., balance const. 50 00  
Mrs. Sarah A. Corwin L. M., 31 10  
Fishkill, Ref. Dutch Ch., 3 50  
Munerkill, M. E. Ch., 8 00  
New Rochelle, Pres. S. School, 10 00  
New York City, Albert Clark, 5 00  
Wm. C. Martin, 25 00  
Wm. Oothout, 5 00  
Cash, 3 00  
Cash, 25 00  
D. G. Bacon, 25 00  
Wm. Alex'r Smith, 5 50  
Cash, 2 00  
Cash, 50 00  
R. M. Olyphant, 10 00  
E. J. Brown, 10 00  
Moses A. Hoppock, 10 00  
Wm. M. Everts, 10 00  
R. J. Dodge, 5 00  
Joseph Sampson, 100 00





# THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



CHRIST IN THE STORM.]

MATT. VIII: 24. 9.

For the Seamen's Friend.

## First Anniversary of the Sailors Snug Harbor Temperance Society,

Auxiliary to the Marine Temperance Society  
of the port of New York, October 25th, 1864.

A numerous company of the friends of seamen, was present, by special invitation of the President of the Society, Rev. Charles J. Jones.

The exercises were commenced by an Anthem.

Captain Edward Richardson, the venerable President of the Parent Society, was called to the chair. Approp-

riate passages of Scripture were read by Rev. Charles J. Jones, when prayer was offered by Rev. E. D. Murphy, Pastor of the Port Society's Mariners' Church.

Appropriate and interesting addresses were delivered by Capts. Maxwell, Swain, Frisbie, Mr. Beale and Dr. Bennett, interspersed with excellent music, under the direction of Professors Pettit and Chase, "Stand by the Flag," "Come Brothers, Come," "Flag of our Union, &c., &c. At the close of the services the company partook of

an abundant collation; provided by Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

The Annual Report was read by Rev. C. J. Jones, from which we make the following extracts:

It is fitting on the occasion of this, our First Anniversary, that some reference should be made to the progress of the cause among us since the auspicious opening of our Society.

The first signature to the Pledge of total abstinence in the Snug Harbor, since the commencement of my Chaplaincy, was on the 5th of September, 1863. But as soon as it was known that the Pledge Book was open for signatures, several others came and asked permission to be enrolled. The increasing interest thus manifested, suggested the propriety and the necessity of an organized Temperance Society. On consultation with some of the inmates, twenty-two of whom had already signed the pledge, it was resolved to proceed at once to organize. A meeting was therefore called for the last Tuesday in October, (27th) 1863, at which time the "Snug Harbor Temperance Society" was formed.

The Society being organized, a special Resolution was adopted, connecting it with the "Marine Temperance Society of New York," in the relation of Auxiliary.

On that occasion thirty-nine additional names were subscribed to the Roll of Honor. Since then, the number has swelled to one hundred and nineteen, of whom one hundred and fourteen are inmates of this Institution. Of this number we have the cheering evidence that some have taken the still more important step and have laid their sins at the feet of Jesus. These are now rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. But some, who were with us that day *are not*, for God has taken them, and from the shining seats of glory they look down upon us to-day, and rejoice that through the Divine Mercy, they became members of the Snug Harbor Temperance Society; since their connexion with us was the first step in the journey that has now terminated at the Pearly Gate, and the Golden Streets of the Kingdom above.

Is not one such trophy—if we could point to no more—a sufficient guaran-

tee of the Divine favor, and a result worthy of our sublimest efforts?

At the close of the addresses, resolutions were adopted, offering the thanks of the meeting to the Chairman, the speakers, and the singers.

### Report of Mr. J. H. Cassidy,

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SAILOR'S HOME, 190 Chery St., New York.

*New York* October 26, 1864.

The number of arrivals up to this date has been 178, of whom 34 are this day left as boarders in the Home.

The sum of \$3,877 has been deposited by boarders at the Home, of which \$1,826 has been deposited in Savings Banks, and the amount of \$1,054 sent home to their friends.

The number of boarders this month is not as large as any of the previous months this year, but this is owing to large numbers of vessels due in this port which have been providentially detained.

But while the Lord causes a decline in a temporal way, He has filled up the measure with spiritual good.

The meetings on Monday and Saturday evenings have been well attended and experienced some clear tokens that God has been in our midst.

One sailor who rose from his seat on Monday evening, stated, "I have been three years in the United States service, and in that time I made many promises, that if God would spare my life to the end of the cruise I would give myself to Him. But when the time came, and I had my money, I became the same foolish creature as I ever had been, and worse, until God let me come to New York, and this Sailors' Home," and here looked up and clasped his hands and said:

"I shall bless Him for such a place as this, where such an old grey headed sinner as I am, was made a partaker of His mercy. Oh, yes, it was mercy to me, for I was a great sinner, and I feel He is a great Saviour for me. I would recommend to you shipmates, do not put off repentance as long as I have. God may not spare you, and if He does, there is no pleasure in sin. I find true happiness now; come to Jesus if you want plea-



sure and you will get it, take an old sailor's word for it."

A Captain of a brig who came from Philadelphia on business to this city, while belching out profanity at one of the shipping offices in South Street, was kindly spoken to by one of the pious sailors who boarded at the Home: he stopped his swearing and entered into conversation with the sailor, after which he invited him to attend the meeting that Saturday evening at the Home, and he came, and it pleased God to bless the word with power. When the meeting was over, he was in great distress: the sailor took him to his room and prayed and wrestled with God in his behalf, and followed it up next day, until light broke in on his soul and now he can thank God for a Sailors' Home.

These are only a few of many cases we see; but oh, how many we shall never see on earth that have been led to the Saviour where the American Seamen's Friend Society has raised her standard.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN H. CASSIDY.

For the Seamen's Friend.

### Progress.

It is sometimes remarked that "the American Seamen's Friend Society does not receive so much means as the importance and magnitude of the work it has in hand demands." There is truth in this statement, and we feel sure that the resources of the Society have not increased in proportion to the rapid advance in the commerce of the country. but still it is gratifying to know that a steady progress has been made.

The first year's receipts (1828)

	were \$1,214,38
The eighth	" (1836) 13,172,15
The eighteenth	" (1846) 25,031,83
The thirty-sixth	" (1863) 42,353,18

The above by no means represents all the expenditures for the seamen's cause, but should include the receipts of the Parent Society's Branches and Auxiliaries, amounting to \$34,023,16 and those of Independent Societies to \$45,613,49, in all \$122,489,83.

Now the above is a respectable sum, but how far will it go among three

millions of seamen whose numbers are constantly increasing as commerce is extended, and the Navy enlarged? It is only about one twentieth part of the expenditures of our government for a single day, yet we will not complain, but thank God and take courage, not doubting that this cause is destined to make much greater progress in the future than it has in the past, until in accordance with the promise, which animates and cheers us, the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God. L. P. H.

### The Gathering Home.

They are gathering homeward from every land

One by one,

As their weary feet touch the shining strand

One by one.

Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,  
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,  
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth his chosen to lead

One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife

One by one.

Through the waters of death they enter life

One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still  
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill,  
To others the waves run fiercely and wild,  
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled

One by one.

We too shall come to the river side

One by one.

We are nearer its water each eventide

One by one.

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream  
Now and again through our life's deep dream,  
Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,  
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go

One by one.

—Exchange.

### The Sailors' Fair at Boston.

The grand National Sailors' Fair in Boston was opened, with complete success, in the spacious and elegant Boston Theatre. The audience present at the opening was a large and exceedingly brilliant one. It drew together, says the *Boston Courier*, "men of all parties and ranks in life, united in a common purpose—to aid in the establishment of a Sailors' Home for Seamen and Mariners disabled in the naval service of their country. All differences of opinion, of policy, in the conduct of the war, were laid aside for this grand and noble occasion. An imperative need exists for a "Home" for the brave seamen who have peril-

ed their lives in their country's defence, and become disabled for further service. That is enough. It is a cause to arouse every generous sympathy; it is an opportunity for which we should feel grateful, to testify, in some degree, our regard for the navy,—its commanders and its men,—which has done so much for the honor of the country and to maintain its flag; and the call has been responded to in a manner worthy of the men and women of New-England, who have devoted themselves to the work of raising funds for the support of an adequate establishment for our disabled and worn tars.

The Fair itself is said to surpass anything yet held in Boston:

SPEECH OF MR. EVERETT.

The dedicatory speech was made by Mr. Everett. He was received with great applause, and spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Sharing with you the deep regret which I know you must feel, that you are not to have the gratification of listening, this evening, to his Excellency, whose voice is never heard without interest and emotion, I will, nevertheless, say that if there is any cause which could dispense with his advocacy or that of any other man, it is the cause which has brought us together this evening. [Applause.]

At the commencement of the war, ladies and gentlemen, the entire naval force of the United States, as far as the number of seamen was concerned, was but 7,600. In the short interval of four years, the number has swelled to over 50,000—between 50,000 and 55,000. It is well known that in order to gain a permanent admission into the naval asylums and hospitals established by the United States it is necessary to have been in the service twenty years. Now, I pray you, ladies and gentlemen, to consider the consequences of this—that out of 50,000 (taking the number of seamen at its lowest estimate) now in the service of the United States, which, when the iron-clads in process of construction at this time shall be completed, will be increased to 60,000 or 65,000—I pray you consider that on the estimate of 50,000 alone there

will be 42,400 which can never cross the threshold of one of these establishments of the United States, as a permanent inmate, until the year 1881, 1882, 1883, or 1884. I pray you to consider this, that of all these gallant men now in the service of the United States, who have achieved the successes of this war, who have followed these heroes now on the platform to victory, seven-eighths of the number will have to wait ten, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen years before one of them can enter as a permanent inmate of the marine hospitals of the United States. Now, my friends, I pray you to consider what these men, left in this condition—what they have done, what they are now doing for us. I am not one of those that institute comparisons between the two branches of the service, nor rob our noble armies of a single wreath of the laurels they have so richly earned, to give it to the navy. Both arms of the service have covered themselves with glory—that is a vulgar phrase—they have both done their duty to their country, done it nobly, done it separately. Each arm of the service has its peculiar exposures, its peculiar merits; and heaven forbid that we should honor one at the expense of the other; but when I think what the navy has done for the country; when I think of the exploit of the *Monitor* in Hampton Roads; when I think of the brave fellows who fought the guns of the *Cumberland* until the water rose to her main hatch, and half their number went down to a watery grave; when I think of the glorious success achieved on the Atlantic, in the Gulf of Mexico, on the Mississippi, and the other inland rivers, not forgetting that noble exploit of Capt. Winslow, [cheers for Winslow;] when I think of this, my friends, I cannot but ask myself whether we have done all for those brave men that we ought to do, whether it is enough to pay them for these achievements with sounding cheers and empty praise. Why, ladies and gentlemen, when the *Brooklyn* the other day, lay in the Navy-yard at Charlestown, I went on board her at the invitation of her Captain. I saw upon the poop deck of that vessel the



stains of blood where a man was cut in two by the ricocheting of a shell, three feet from where the Captain stood, which swept another gallant fellow into the sea. I saw a hole there so large that I could have crept into it myself almost, made by a shell that lighted upon the deck amid a group of some twenty officers and men, bearing, of course, death to several of them; among others to a poor fellow who had been badly wounded before, and brought down for safety between decks. I should like to know whether it would have encouraged those brave men if the officer nearest them had said, 'Fight away: nineteen or twenty years hence your country will do something for you.' Our blockading vessels are rendering an important service to the country, and I wish some of those stay-at-home critics who are so fond of railing at the navy for not accomplishing what they know to be impossible, would try it themselves, and go down into Charleston harbor and pass a week in one of the iron-clads blockading that port, where the thermometer stands at 130 degrees; or if he prefers a sailing vessel, let him go to the blockading squadron at the mouth of Cape Fear River, and let him turn out at midnight to reef topsails. Let him do this, and he will know a little better what blockading is. Ah! but the prize money; that is the great compensation, the great cure-all for the hardships of seamen's life. If the prize is of less force than the captor, which must almost always be the case, then the United States helps herself to one half; then the fees of the officials, the expenses of adjudication—not here in Boston, Mr. Dana; I don't mean that! the loss by delay and by that most singular operation by which bales of cotton and barrels of turpentine evaporate up chimney; these eat very deeply into the proceeds, and then poor Jack's share falls pretty soon into the hands of land sharks—not always, but much too often.

#### Sailors' Home.

A very pleasant gathering took place at the Sailors' Home, in this

city, on the 5th inst., when Mr. J. O. Chaney, for nineteen years the successful keeper of the Home, was presented with a costly *escritoire*, chair, &c., as a testimony of the confidence and esteem of his friends. A presentation address was made by Rev. S. R. Eastman, Jr., and a happy response made by Mr. Chaney. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered by Captain Bartlett. The "Home" was built under the direction of Mr. Chaney, and although he now "retires to private life" yet his memory will long remain embalmed in the hearts of the churches and the thousands of seamen whose interests he has cared for.—*Boston Recorder*.

#### Angels Unawares.

We have read of the presence of the Lord of angels on shipboard, but do not remember any instance in which there is a record of the presence of angels on board ship. But an incident occurred a few days since in the port of New York which gives occasion to our thoughts about angels. A certain captain, whose converted wife and daughter were on shipboard with him, hearing that a certain other captain, with some of his officers and men, were under very serious concern for their salvation, induced these good women, with another female friend, to visit them.

They did visit the captain, and not only prayed in his cabin, but proceeded to the fore-castle, and there, among the serious-minded sailors, they sung the songs of Zion. This was overheard by the seamen in a ship lying along side, and these hardy men pressed over the sides of their vessel, and listened with intensest interest to these angelic voices, and felt such stirrings within them as made them wish they too could sing the Lord's songs in a strange land. All the parties of whom we write were foreigners, but through the care of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church a place has been prepared for them in the Bethel Ship, under Pastor Hedstrom, and thither they repaired, and got their hearts so attuned by repentance and faith as to be able to sing

"Jesus sought me when a stranger."

### Prayer-Meeting in a Turret Top.

[From an Officer in our Navy.]

U. S. GUNBOAT—Sept. 8, 1864.

After being deprived of the privilege of attending public worship for more than four months, how truly can one who loves "that Name that is above every name," appreciate the blessed privilege!

Here, in the advance of the fleet, within twenty miles of the rebel capital, we have been for many weeks provided with "the preaching of the Word" by the earnest laborers of the Christian Commission.

About August 14th, eight of the seamen of the double-turreted monitor "Onondaga" asked and readily obtained, permission of her Christian captain to hold a daily prayer-meeting on the after turret. On the 21st, after hearing two excellent sermons from the texts "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near," and "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" all, or any who chose were invited to attend the prayer-meeting. The turret top is a circular space, of about twenty-two feet diameter. There were gathered the minister, the captain, his executive officer, Lieutenant Commander—, four other officers and about a score of men.

A headache and bilious attack at the time could not destroy, nor even mar, the pleasure that the occasion afforded me as earnest men and officers drew near to the throne of grace, and there sought blessing and strength from God. They all sang, prayed, and spoke in the one Spirit, and felt the presence of the Lord. The captain spoke to the little company briefly, but touchingly, referring to the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death to those on board, if their iron-home should sink during any coming contest, and urged the importance of preparing for death. It is good to find men in our navy who are not ashamed of Jesus, and practise the two greatest and noblest of duties,—serving their God and their country at one and the same time.

When the meeting had closed, and all had returned to their vessels and duty, the Spirit of God was at work among the hearts of many who had

just separated. Prayer continued to ascend, and before the hour of rest arrived God had answered some of their prayers, and spoken peace to the Executive Officer. He and the captain had both been recognized members of Christian churches, but he had not before known what vital religion was.

May the same "sweet peace" become known and felt in the hearts of the men! Many in the fleet have heretofore "known the Lord," but "thorns have sprung up and choked the seed" that the Spirit had sown in their hearts. The sins of the navy are too well known to need mentioning here, but the "blood of Jesus Christ is able to cleanse us from all sin." May the sailors of America become able seamen on the "Old Ship of Zion!"

### The Destruction of the *Albermarle*.

The Rebels, who have taught us some important lessons in the art of war, appear to have taught us also the art of blowing up ships by torpedoes. Admiral Porter has signalized his assumption of command in the North Atlantic squadron, by the destruction of a formidable iron-clad ram, the *Albermarle*, which gave our fleet in the waters of North Carolina a severe tug last May, and which has been threatening our squadron ever since. Our readers have not forgotten the gallant style, worthy of old Farragut himself, in which several steam gunboats, notably the *Sassacus*, pitched into the *Albermarle*, when she made her first appearance in the sound. They rammed her, and fired heavy shots at her, at short range; but the *Albermarle* after all made her escape.

What she bore on that occasion showed her to be a vessel as formidable probably, as the famous *Tennessee*—now she is a sunken wreck. This gallant feat, the first of our new torpedo fleet, is one of which the Navy may be fitly congratulated. Our gallant tars have learned from Farragut to entertain but little dread of the Rebel torpedoes, which have been, for the most part, clumsily and unintelligently managed; but it will be a satisfaction to them to know, that hereafter they too can play at the torpedo game, but with better tools.



The picket launch No. 1, which destroyed the *Albemarle*, was one of half a dozen little steamers not larger than a seventy-four's launch, but fitted with a compact engine, which have been lately built under the supervision of Captain Boggs, of *Varuna* fame. They were built to relieve the seamen of the fatigue of pulling about at night on the naval picket line. Under the superintendence of Lieutenant Cushing, picket boat No. 1 was supplied with a newly-contrived torpedo apparatus, arranged so as to place the submarine battery securely, and fire it without serious risk to the boat and her crew. The test just made would seem to prove that the apparatus will answer its purpose; and when used in connection with the ingenious submarine torpedo vessels, of which one, the *Stromboli*, is already completed, it promises to form an important element in our coast defence.

The *Stromboli* is a small vessel, capable of being submerged by the filling of water compartments. She is supplied with an engine powerful enough to propel her at the rate of ten miles per hour, and is manned and worked by three officers and ten men. The torpedo is carried in a basket, fixed to a long arm, which can be made, at the important moment, to propel from the vessel in such manner as to reach the side of the ship to be destroyed. There the torpedo is fastened, and at the will of those in the *Stromboli*, it is exploded. We learn that some eighteen or twenty vessels of the kind are to be put afloat at once, and it appears that the mosquito fleet of picket boats can also use the torpedo apparatus.

The Rebels have made a number of attempts to use torpedo-boats, but with no success. The boats have on several occasions been destroyed. Once or twice they have foundered, the crews perishing. Nevertheless, we have lost a Monitor (the *Tecumseh*), three gunboats (the *Cairo* on the Yazoo River, and the *Commodore Jones* and *Shawnsheen* in the James), and three transports (the *General Hunter*, *Maple Leaf* and *H. A. Weed* in the St. John's River, on the South Carolina coast) by Rebel torpedoes. The Monitor *Montauk* was also injured by a torpedo in the Ogeechee. So far as

we know, all but one of these torpedoes were stationary, and either exploded by percussion on contact with the vessel's bottom, or by means of a galvanic battery worked on shore. The officers of the Rebel torpedo corps, who blew up the *Shawnsheen*, were traced to their hiding hole on the banks of the James by the wire which connected them with the torpedo, and were dug out by our men, greatly to their dismay. The sloop-of-war *Housatonic* was destroyed by a Rebel torpedo-boat, but the boat perished also, carrying down all on board.

Stationary torpedoes, anchored in a fair way for vessels, are too liable to derangement from damp and rust to be ever certain of application. Moreover, they can be placed only in shallow water, and they cannot be used, of course, against vessels already anchored out of their reach; but a boat like the *Stromboli* can attack a ship anywhere in smooth water, no matter how deep it is, and with half-a-dozen such inexpensive little craft, manned by resolute crews, we could defy the greatest iron-clad fleet in Europe to enter the harbor of New York. Considered in this light, the feat of Lieutenant Cushing assumes considerable importance, and adds not a little to the security of our harbors and seaports from any attack which is not a surprise.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

### Farragut.

Mr. Everett in his letter of Sept. 5th in reply to an invitation to attend the meeting in Fanueil Hall says:

We have reason, indeed, not merely for patriotic exultation, but for heartfelt gratitude to the Sovereign Disposer, for the brilliant triumphs of our arms by sea and by land, during the past summer. First came the contest of the Kearsage and Alabama, on the 19th of June, in which the inglorious career of the corsair,—a pirate by his own definition,—was, on his first encounter with an equal force ignominiously closed. Most fittingly did this take place, on a calm Sunday morning in the English Channel, almost within sight of the shores on which the piratical craft was built by a member of the British parliament, equipped,

manned and prepared to receive her armament from another English vessel, and sent out to prey upon the commerce of a friendly State,—all in open defiance alike of the Law of the Land and of the Law of Nations.

Then came on the 5th of August, the glorious achievement of Admiral Farragut, unsurpassed by anything in naval warfare, but forming a fit sequel to his own exploits in the Mississippi. History will show no brighter page than that, which tells how this gallant veteran, as modest as he is brave, lashing himself in the maintop of his vessel and that a wooden one, slowed his engines as he passed the most formidable fort on the coast, dashed at the tremendous rebel ram, regardless of the infernal machines which had destroyed one of his iron-clads before his eyes, vanquished his seemingly impregnable antagonist after a short action, captured or destroyed all the rebel fleet save one vessel, and with the efficient cooperation of General Granger's army, compelled the self-destruction of Fort Powell, the honorable capitulation of Fort Gaines, and the surrender of Fort Morgan, in a manner peculiarly discreditable to the commander of the garrison, all accomplished in 18 days from the time Fort Morgan was passed. With what words can we do full justice to the admiration, with which we contemplate deeds like these? How can we sufficiently express our gratitude to our naval heroes, officers and men, to whom the country is indebted for these invaluable services?

#### ◆◆◆ The Most Beautiful Hand.

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as the shape of the beautiful member whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last, "I give it up, the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."  
—*Ploughman.*

#### The Spirit of our Soldiers and Sailors.

In Bishop Potter's address before the recent Convention of the New York Diocese, occurs the following passage, which, must be very grateful to every true lover of his country. All honor to the loyal and patriotic bishop!

"And now, since in bodying forth an image of self-devotion, thoughts of war and of a struggling country have come rising up with it, let me, in a single word, refer to one part of my experience during the last three years, which, to me, has been, in these days of sorrow, full of consolation—not a little encouraging to hope. Within three years often, on special occasions and under peculiar circumstances, I have confirmed a large number of officers and soldiers of the army and navy of the United States. They were going to the front, or temporarily returning from it, in not a few cases, about to face the last great enemy in the sick-room. Opportunities were often afforded for a good deal of private conversation, and in many instances I had the inexpressible satisfaction of observing what I thought clear *indications* that the persons whom I met had been made, not worse, but better, while periling their lives in the sacred cause of their country. The fact is no doubt, often otherwise. Nevertheless, the observation which I have made is, I believe, more extensively true than we are apt to imagine. But what I designed more particularly to remark was something quite different. It was the almost universal absence in those officers and men, of everything like a violent spirit of faction and party. They were for their country before all things else; for the restoration of peace, order, and unity; for the vindication of the national authority; for the maintenance of the integrity and sovereignty of the one supreme Government, without which we cease to be a nation, lose every security for peace and every title to respect, and become the prey of domestic broils and foreign enemies. These gentle but heroic men, were little inclined to cavil about subordinate points of difference. They might nominally belong to one party or another; their preferences might incline one way or another on many political questions; but they saw that everything dear to the hear



of a Christian patriot was at stake. They believed that every question of the day, however magnified by excited minds, was utterly insignificant compared with the one present, vital, supreme object of beating down the unhallowed sword of rebellion, and reinstating an insulted and distracted country in her place of strength and glory. God give us all a like spirit! I fully appreciate the evils of war. I sigh and pray for peace—peace in the righteous triumphs of a just Government. For great armies and navies I have no especial predilection; but I *am* sometimes made to feel that there is one place where patriotism—*devoted love of country*—may survive and burn brightly even though it should perish everywhere else; and that is among the heroic men who daily face death rather than see that country dismembered, dishonored, and ruined.”

### The Loss of a Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who filled so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her: bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! you stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered save those your hands may unwillingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! the dear heart that laid upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles bend now above her in tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

There is no white arm over your shoulder, no speaking face to look up into the eye of love; no trembling

lips to murmur, “Oh, it is so sad.”

There is a strange hush in every room; no light footstep passing around. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems a knell on the hours through which you have watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth, too—of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—O, how often—that the grave cannot keep her.

### Never Again.

“Never again!” so speaks the sudden silence  
When round the hearth gathers each well  
known face,  
But *one* is missing, and no future presence  
However dear, can fill that vacant place;  
Forever shall that burning thought remain,—  
“Never, beloved, again! never again!”

“Never again!” so—but beyond our hearing—  
Ring out far voices fading up the sky;  
Never again shall earthly care or sorrow  
Weigh down the wings that bear these souls on  
high;  
Listen, O earth! and hear that glorious strain,  
“Never, never again! never again!”

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

### The New York Port Society.

Organized 1818 and incorporated 1819, under the name of the Society for Promoting the Gospel among Seamen, in the port of New York, has now pursued its labors without intermission for forty-six years. Among the means used have been the Preaching of the Word by the pastor of the Mariner's Church, corner of Madison and Catharine streets, now under the pastoral charge of Rev. E. D. Murphy, and upon vessels in harbor, lecture and prayer meetings, Bible classes and Sabbath school instruction, a reading room for seamen, open daily for themselves and families, loan libraries on vessels, and efficient missionaries who devote all their time to the work. Also during the past year, two very important missionary enterprises have been established; one in the commodious church, on Madison, corner of Gouverneur street, now under the pastoral charge of Rev. A. G. Chambers, and the other at the corner of Dover and Water streets. At these

points the Gospel is regularly preached. These and other means have been greatly blessed.

The present number of members of our Mariner's Church is over 800, representing all parts of the world, and at this hour bearing to all parts of the world the influence of the Gospel of Christ.

This noble enterprise has always been sustained by voluntary subscriptions; with strongest reasons, therefore, the society feels that the enlargement of its plans and means are demanded.

Mr. Wm. S. Turner is the only accredited financial agent for this society. Donations to the funds of the society may be sent by mail or otherwise, to Rev. E. D. Murphy, pastor, or Wm. S. Turner, agent. *Office in basement of Mariner's Church, 72 Madison, corner of Catharine street.*

WM. WALKER, *President.*

WM. D. HARRIS, *Cor. Secretary.*

S. N. STEBBINS, *Recording Sec'y.*

JAMES B. WILSON, *Treasurer.*

### Rear Admiral Dupont.

At the Annual Meeting of the American Church Missionary Society, held in Boston, Oct. 19th, 1864.

The President, Admiral Dupont, presided. Bishop Eastburn conducted the religious exercises, after which the President made a brief introductory address. He said the audience before him had been accustomed to witness missionary operations at home; while it had been his fortune to see much of them abroad. He thought they were not rightly valued by the people. He had seen the missionaries in China doing what the highest dignitaries of the Old World were unable to perform, and spoke of the eminent services rendered by them in concluding the treaty with China. All persons abroad, he said, had a high opinion of the missionaries. He had seen them in the crowded streets of China distributing tracts. He witnessed their sacrifices and their zeal, and was glad of an opportunity to bear his testimony in their behalf. As the President of the Society, he would also return his hearty thanks to the churchmen of

Boston for the generous and enthusiastic reception tendered them.

It was deeply interesting to see this brave old veteran standing up in the presence of this great congregation, testifying for Christ and the Church in his simple yet effective way.

### Prayer for the Eternal Calm.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow :  
Be like the night dew's cooling balm  
Upon Earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm :  
Soft resting on thy breast ;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm :  
Let thine outstretched wing  
Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
Beside her desert spring.

Yes : keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet,—  
Calm in the closet's solitude :  
Calm in the wrestling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health ;  
Calm in my hour of pain ;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth ;  
Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame ;  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng  
Who hate Thy holy name ;

Calm when the great world's news with power  
My listening heart draws near ;  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear ;

Calm as the ray of sun or star ;  
Which storms assail in vain ;  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

### Christ's Robe of Righteousness.

Richard Weaver one day met a poor man who went in rags. This man being a Christian, he wished to befriend him ; he told him if he would go home with him, he would give him a suit of clothes. "So," said Richard, "I went up stairs and took off my second best, and put on my Sunday best. I sent the man up stairs, and told him he would find a suit which he could put on ; it was my second best. So after he had put on the clothes, and left his rags behind, he came down and said, 'Well,' Mr. Weaver, what do you think of me ?" 'Well,' I said, 'I think you look very respectable.' 'O, yes, but, Mr. Weaver, it is not for me ; I



am not respectable, it is your clothes that are respectable.' And so, added Mr. Weaver, 'so it is with the Lord Jesus Christ; He meets us covered with rags and the filth of sin, and he tells us to go and put on *not* his second best, but the best robe of his perfect righteousness; and when we come down with that on, we say, 'Lord, what dost thou think of me?' and he says, 'Why, thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' We answer, 'No, it is not I, it is Thy righteousness: I am comely because Thou art comely; I am beautiful because Thou art beautiful.'

### Cleaving to Christ.

When a shipwrecked sailor, left to the mercy of the waves, has no help within reach or view but a spar or mast, how he will cling to it, how firmly he will clasp it!—He will hold it as life itself. If a passing billow sweep him from it, with all his might he will make for it again, and grasp it faster than ever. To part is to perish; and so he clings—and how anxiously!

So the awakened sinner feels. The ocean of wrath surrounds him—its billows and its waves go over him. Hell yawns beneath to engulf him. The vessel is an utter wreck. All its floating timbers are very rottenness. Oh, how he strains his eye searching for a mast, a plank, a spar! His eye rests on the only hope, the only rock in the wide ocean of wrath—the Rock of Ages, the Lord Jesus. He makes for the Saviour—he clasps Him—he cleaves to Him. Every terror of sin and of unworthiness that strives to loosen his hold only makes him grasp with more terrible and death-like tenacity, for he knows that to part company is to perish. "I will not let Thee go."

### Bread Cast upon the Waters

In the accounts kept at the Bethel Ship it appears that not less than *eighty* converts, or those who made a good profession of having passed from death unto life, have sailed in twenty Scandinavian vessels which have left the port of New York since last Christmas.

### Conversions on an Iron-Clad.

A gentleman said:—"Some of those who attend stately the Fulton street meeting, know the commander of the iron-clad ship-of-war Onondaga. Before he went away he was almost daily in this meeting. He always used to sit over there near the door, in one of those back seats. He was a meek, humble man, though brave as a lion. No one who looked at him ever could have any doubt that he would do his duty. He was a fervent Christian. This letter was written to Mr. Lamphier, to whom the Captain felt he was under great obligations for the religious interest which he took in him. The writer says:

"I had the pleasure of spending last Sabbath on board of the Onondaga as a number of the Christian Commission. He said you 'picked him up,' and, under God, had done much to aid him in his spiritual life. He showed me your last letter to him and requested me to answer it. I have seldom seen a man who so soon won my confidence and whose friendship I so highly prize. His trust in God is simple and childlike. The influence on his vessel is just what you might expect and what it should be. Not an oath is heard, and the religious interest is becoming more and most intense, and is felt on other vessels in the fleet. Last Sabbath was one of great interest to me. I never found more approachable men, even in hospital. In the evening Lieut.-Commander C——, found acceptance with God while praying in the cabin. Capt. S—— was affected to tears, so great was his joy. He said he had been praying for this for a year. It is truly an occasion of gratitude that men holding so prominent positions in the Navy are the humble and earnest followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. I know you will share the joy with me. I expect to spend the next Sabbath on the Onondaga.

**TWO GOOD QUALITIES.** Frugality is good; if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off the superfluous expenses; the last is the bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last being covetousness; the last without

the first being prodigality. Both make an excellent temper. Happy the place where they are found.—*William Penn.*

### Jesus is Mine.

Now I have found a Friend,  
Jesus is mine.  
His love shall never end,  
Jesus is mine.

Though earthly joys decrease,  
Though human friendships cease,  
Now I have lasting peace;  
Jesus is mine!

Though I grow poor and old,  
Jesus is mine;  
He will my faith uphold,  
Jesus is mine.

He shall my wants supply,  
His precious blood is nigh,  
Nought can my hope destroy;  
Jesus is mine!

When earth shall pass away,  
Jesus is mine;

In the great judgment day,  
Jesus is mine.

Oh, what a glorious thing,  
Then to behold my King,  
On tuneful harp to sing;  
Jesus is mine!

Farewell mortality!   
Jesus is mine;

Welcome eternity!   
Jesus is mine.

He my redemption is,  
Wisdom and Righteousness,  
Life, Light, and Holiness;  
Jesus is mine!

Father! thy name I bless,  
Jesus is mine;

This was the sovereign grace,  
Jesus is mine;

Spirit of holiness,  
Sealing the Father's grace,  
Thou mad'st my heart embrace;  
Jesus is mine!

### Forty miles an hour at Sea.

The *Liverpool Mercury* observes that Mr. James Steel, a working joiner of that town, has invented a screw propeller, and that he states, from experiments made on the Prince's Park lake, that with this screw he can get four times the speed of the ordinary screw with the same engine and the same pressure of steam. The screws are worked reverse by means of two wheels at the centre boxes of the screws, and can be replaced at sea at any time, and being only one-third in the water, can be unshipped without any difficulty. There are six blades in one frame, the reversible one catching the back

water as the ordinary one, giving thereby five times the velocity, as proved the last three to four years on Prince's Park lake. The steam on his model is raised by naphtha. The Admiralty has been communicated with, and the Duke of Somerset has ordered the tracings to be sent, which was done on the 1st September.

### Position of the Planets for December.

MERCURY, is best seen at the beginning of this month. It rises throughout the month about 9 h. A. M., setting about 4 h. P. M., at the beginning and an hour later at the end. On the 30 at 5½ P. M. it is near the moon.

VENUS is now conspicuous as the Evening Star in the South-west, rising about 10½ h. A. M. at the beginning and 10 h. A. M. at the end of the month, setting respectively at 6 h. P. M., and 7½ h. P. M. It is near the moon at 3 h. A. M. of the 2d., and again at midnight of the 31st.

MARS throughout this month is very brilliant. It rises about 3½ h. P. M. at the beginning and about 1½ h. P. M. at the end. Setting at 8 h. A. M., and 5½ h. A. M. respectively. It is near the moon about 1 h. A. M. of the 12th.

JUPITER continues invisible. It is near the moon at 4½ h. A. M. of the 27th., and rises at 7½ h. A. M. on the 1st, and 6 h. A. M. on the 31st, setting at those times at 3 h. 53 m. P. M. and 2 h. 17 m. P. M. respectively.

SATURN can now be observed in the East late at night or early in the morning, rising at 3½ h. A. M. at the beginning and 2 h. A. M. at the end of this month, setting at those times respectively at 2 h. P. M. and 6 h. 31 m. P. M. It is near the moon at 5 h. 15 m. P. M. of the 23d. B. B.

*New York Nautical School, 29 Madison St.*

ACCORDING to a report to the Italian government, the coral fisheries, which are a great resource for the poorer classes, employ 400 boats manned by about 4,000 men. The pay, board of the crew, etc., absorbs annually about 6,050,000 francs. About 160 tons of coral are annually introduced into the kingdom of Italy.

CONSCIENCE is a monitor! In too many cases it is iron clad.



# THE LIFE BOAT



Dec., 1864.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [Vol. 5.—No. 12

## Books for the Holidays.

The season of the year is at hand when books are in demand for gifts. Our young friends in the Sunday Schools have long known the value of those published by well-established Houses, and by the Religious Publishing Societies.

Two new books of timely interest and worth have been sent us by Mr. Geo. S. Scofield, of the American Sunday School Union, 599 Broadway.

The first we commend particularly to Sunday School Teachers, and all who recognize their Christian duty towards the poor. Its title is

! THY POOR BROTHER.

360 pages, 16mo. \$1.25.

By MRS. SEWELL, author of those most popular ballads "MOTHER'S LAST WORDS," and "OUR FATHER'S CARE."

"Thou shalt not shut thy hand from thy poor brother."—DEUT. xv. 7.

To *Sunday School Teachers* and all who are engaged in the good work of enlightening, improving and elevating their fellow creatures, and at the same time advancing the kingdom of the Redeemer, it is an invaluable helper.

We have room at present for no more than the subjoined opinion from a popular foreign periodical.

"It would be difficult to estimate the influence for good which this work will unquestionably exert. To those who visit the poor, its counsels will be found invaluable; and, we doubt not, many who are now wasting precious opportunities will be stirred up to discharge this Christian duty. Apart from its practical tendency. 'Thy Poor Brother' is a book of absorbing interest."—*Our Own Fireside*.

The other book is called

"THE OLD FLAG."

We wish we could persuade our young friends to seek for this volume and to read it. We have no fear that it would fail to interest and profit them. There are few men in any rank, station or profession who would not feel more than repaid for the time consumed in reading it. Those who desire to know the foundations on which our government rests, and what distinguishes it from all other governments, will find in this volume a very plain and intelligible answer.

It will be sufficient commendation to quote the opinion which is entertained of the distinguished jurist and statesman of our time—the Hon. HORACE BINNEY of Philadelphia.

"I have read, with the greatest satisfaction, 'The Old Flag,' and I mean to give it to one of my grand sons, as expressing my own sentiments upon the principles, political and religious, which ought to guide him.

Some one ought to introduce it formally and critically to public notice by a review, for it is a leading work in its way, and has the very attractions which young persons seek in their early books, and so rarely find without some alloy.

"The author, who ever he may be, has done a work of which the strongest man might be proud, and the comfort of which must come to his heart as often as he shall think of it. I almost envy him the satisfaction of giving to the young so pleasing, impressive and instructive a story; and there are very few who are so old or well grounded in the principles of public or personal morality, as not to be the better for reading it."

### Reports from Ship Libraries.

SENT OUT BY THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

No. 173 has returned from its 6th voyage, and gone to the coast of Africa in good condition.

No. 489 has returned from Surinam and gone to China, in ship *Waterloo*, 25 men.

No. 493 has gone to the W. Indies on its third voyage. It is in good condition.

No. 807 has returned from San Francisco. The books have been read with much interest, and have done much good. Gone to *San Francisco* again with new crew.

No. 274 has returned from its 4th voyage. The books have done much good, and "many thanks are returned to the donor."

No. 184 has returned from its 5th voyage, and gone to sea again in good condition.

No. 403 has returned, having been read by officers and crew with much interest. It has gone to sea again in Brig *Waltham*, for S. America.

### CAPTAIN'S TESTIMONY.

No. 199. Enclosed is five dollars for the benefit of the Society. I return Library No. 199, which was placed in my charge, on board of Bark *Albert*. The library has been the means of doing much good, as my men have always taken great interest in reading the books. I have read all the

books—many of them more than once—and so have my officers; and I think there ought to be a library on board of every ship. You will please accept my thanks for the library, and also tender my thanks to the brother who so kindly brought it to my vessel.

I remain, Yours very truly,  
J. GORDON.

### "JUST THE THING."

I think it is time you should hear from the Ship's Library that you so kindly sent by me to the hospital at Beaufort. I tell you it is just the thing. I got some more books from the Church Committee at Hilton Head; then I divided the Ship's Library; got another book-case; put one half in one ward, and the other half in the other ward; then they commenced going the rounds as angels of mercy. One case I want to mention: A Swede wanted something to read. He was very low, and is still. He said, in his broken language: "I have not heard anything about Jesus Christ for more than a year." I went to Hilton Head to see if they had anything in the Swedish language. I could find nothing. I told him that I could not. Oh! what a despairing look he gave me! I went to the Ship's Library; I happened to find one new book; I took it to him; oh! how glad he was;—I think it was worth all the library, the good it did. There is such a changing of men here, I do not know if the whole library will ever get home or not, but one thing I know that it has paid for itself already. I will take the best care of it that I can, and put it in good hands.

D. O. JONES,  
Hospital Chaplain,  
Beaufort, S. C.

### GOD IN COMMAND OF THE SHIP. A CAPTAIN'S LETTER.

Library No. 809.

Lat. 44 S., Long. 120 E.  
Ship "*Sooloo*."—At sea, May 18th.—  
From Boston 90 days.

Considering your request, I have thought it my privilege now, as well as duty, to state something of God's work among us during this passage.



You are aware of the crew I had on leaving home—the greater part picked up from the “highways”—but it pleased God to send them, and I felt confident He had selected them, and would teach me all my duty towards them.

The second day out from Boston, I called all hands together—officers and men—and told them I professed to be a Christian, and trusted to God that they would find me such. I told them my plans, expectations, and hopes, appointing meetings forenoon and afternoon on Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings. These meetings have been followed up with increasing interest, and I have looked forward with an anxious eye to see the fruit. Seventy days from home had passed, and no one moved; yet everything as regards the duty of the ship was moving along as though all on board were Christians; yet 'twas not enough, I longed to see some awaking, and waited for an answer to my earnest prayers in their behalf, and that God would consume the sacrifice I had so repeatedly presented upon the altar. Two weeks ago a man arose and told his feelings—what he knew of sin and of his desires, then gave vent to his feelings in the words of the publican. Another came down also with a broken heart before God. Then my soul rejoiced within me, for I believed God had done this. The next meeting two more desired to “come to Jesus.” The second mate and steward are two of this number; I long with trembling to see them firmly united to Christ. Others have told me personally of their desires to become Christians, and I believe God in his rich mercy will not pass them by. O, I long to see them all close in with Christ, then shall our ship become a “Bethel,” and God shall be glorified through Christ in his own works here upon the sea.

Dear brother, you know also that in this labor the Christian's armour is kept bright—'tis feasting to my soul to labor in His vineyard. *I have given the command of the ship to God*, and seek to know and do his will in all things. He takes all the care, subdues all evil among us, so that stubborn passion cannot rise, and all is peace—peace,

for God had proclaimed it for His own name's sake. O, how much I see of His goodness towards me every day; how well I know that if we trust all things in his hands he will never suffer us to be moved; he will never leave us nor forsake us, for he is indeed able to change the mind of those that would be against us, and make even our enemies at peace. The books from the library, with a number of tracts, are placed upon the cabin table previous to the Sunday meeting, so that after meeting they may stop and select for themselves; and I am glad to say there is a growing interest here;—but few books are left to be put back in the library—the better part are out on duty. Thanks be to God who hath given such means through the “Seaman's Friend Society.” I found with the books an excellent selection of tracts, which are not only good for others, but in my leisure moments I find many sweet tastes of love from them. May God reward you with the fulness of the Comforter, as a witness of His truth, to whom be all the praise. Dear brother, I began an interest in your prayers, for the cause of Christ here on board this ship, that we may be all brought into the fold, and with one heart be led to give the praise to Him to whom all is due.

Your brother in Christ,

DANIEL H. HUTCHINSON.

No. 222. The vessel in which this library went to sea was wrecked. The library was saved, and sold in the West Indies. A new library has been purchased with the avails, and sent to sea in the U. S. steamer, *John Griffith*, for the South.

FROM THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

Library 686.

Ship “T. J. Southward,”  
Antwerp, Oct. 20, 1864.

To Secy. of Am. Seaman's Fr'd Soc'y:

I write to inform you in regard to Library No. 686, placed by you in my care, June, 1863. It has since been in the ship to Acapulco, Chincha Islands, and back to Antwerp.

The books have been read by the sailors with apparent interest, and I hope with much profit.

We are about starting on another long voyage to Rangoon. I am glad to have the library, and shall circulate the books as much as possible, praying that God will bless the seed thus sown.

May the Heavenly Father bless and prosper the Society that is doing such a great and good work.

Yours respectfully,  
E. M. STARRETT.

“GRATEFUL.”

Our readers who look over our receipts month by month, can hardly have failed to notice the acknowledgment of “Grateful” on board the U. S. gunboat “Lackawanna.” We have a library on that ship.

A young officer on board another vessel where there is a library, and who hopes he has recently become a Christian, called at the office recently and left \$25 to put two libraries on board other vessels.

HERE IS ANOTHER DONOR.

U. S. Str. “Larkspur,” }  
Port Royal, S. C., Sept. 10, 1864. }

DEAR SIR,—I have received the library 1132 you sent me, and am much obliged to you for the loan of it. I do not know of any other vessel down here that has not got a library. I believe this is the only vessel that did not have one in the whole fleet. Every one I ask says they have one, and seem to be much pleased with the same. Let that \$5 go to the benefit of the Seamen’s Friend Society.

#### Loss of the “John Williams.”

Says the Honolulu *Friend* of September 1st: “We learn from Captain Greig, of the *Kitty Cartwright*, who has arrived from the ‘South Seas,’ the following particulars respecting the loss of the missionary bark *John Williams*, owned by the London Missionary Society. She drifted upon a reef, at Danger Island, 11° S.L., and 166° W.L. She went down head foremost, in 90 fathoms of water. No property was saved. No lives were lost. The following persons were passengers: the Rev. Mr. Barff, wife, and wife’s sister, of Niana, and the Rev. Mr.

Royle and daughter, of Aitutaki, one of the Hervey Islands. The vessel had been in commission twenty years and one month. She was built by shilling and penny contributions of the children of England. Her trips usually occupied about two years, from the time of leaving England until her return, visiting during this time all the stations of the London Missionary Society, in the Society, Hervey, and Samoan groups, touching at Sydney.

The children of Great Britain are raising funds to build another missionary vessel to take the place of the *John Williams*.

#### Golden Envelopes.

A touching anecdote is related some time since of a poor servant girl in London, who had attended the ragged schools and received spiritual as well as mental benefit from them, and who one evening, at the close of school, put into the minister’s hand, much to his surprise, a note containing a half sovereign, (ten shillings English currency). Her entire wages were only eight pounds a year. She offered this as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessing she had received from the schools, very modestly and beautifully remarking that it was not much. “But, sir,” said she, “I have wrapped it up with an earnest prayer and many tears.” Here is indeed, a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings, as we lay them before God’s altar, were more generally inclosed in such golden envelopes. “An earnest prayer and many tears.” Sweet child! thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

#### American Seamen’s Friend Society.

REV. HARMON LOOMIS, } *Cor. Secs.*  
REV. S. B. S. BISSELL, }  
MR. SAMUEL BROWN, } *Assr. Treas.*  
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AND } Bible H. Phil’a, Rev. S. BONHOMME.  
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#### Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. It will be sent gratuitously, post paid, to every family from which a contribution is received, and to all persons who act as Collectors for the cause, provided a package of no less than 25 to one address is made up.